PZ
10
.3
.W683
Po
copy 2

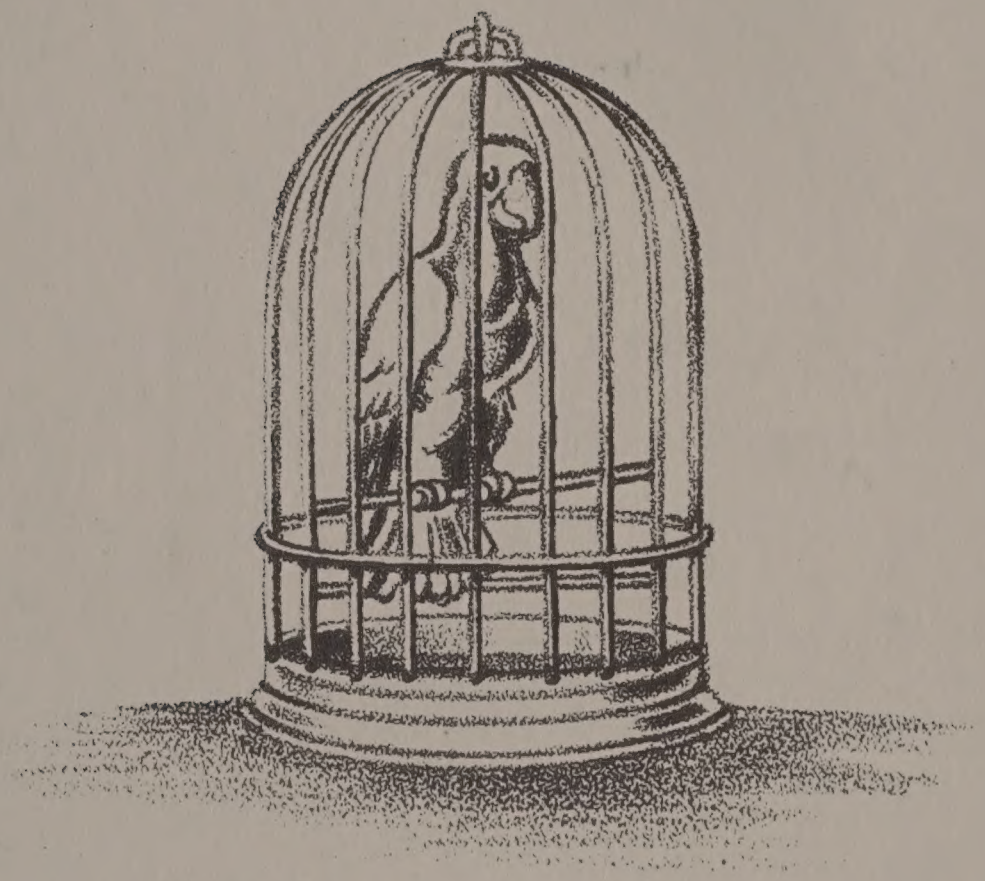
FT MEADE
GenColl

Polly Parrot

by
DOROTHY
WINCHELL
THE PICTURES
BY NELL
STOLP
SMOCK

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class PZ10.3
Book .W683
Copyright No. Po
Copy 2
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



PARROT

POLLY PARROT

The story by

DOROTHY WINCHELL

the pictures by

NELL STOLP SMOCK

JUNIOR PRESS BOOKS

ALBERT WHITMAN & CO

CHICAGO

1937

Copy 2

37-37799

PZ10
.3
.W683
Jo
Copy 2

NOV 15 1937

©CI A 112028 CR

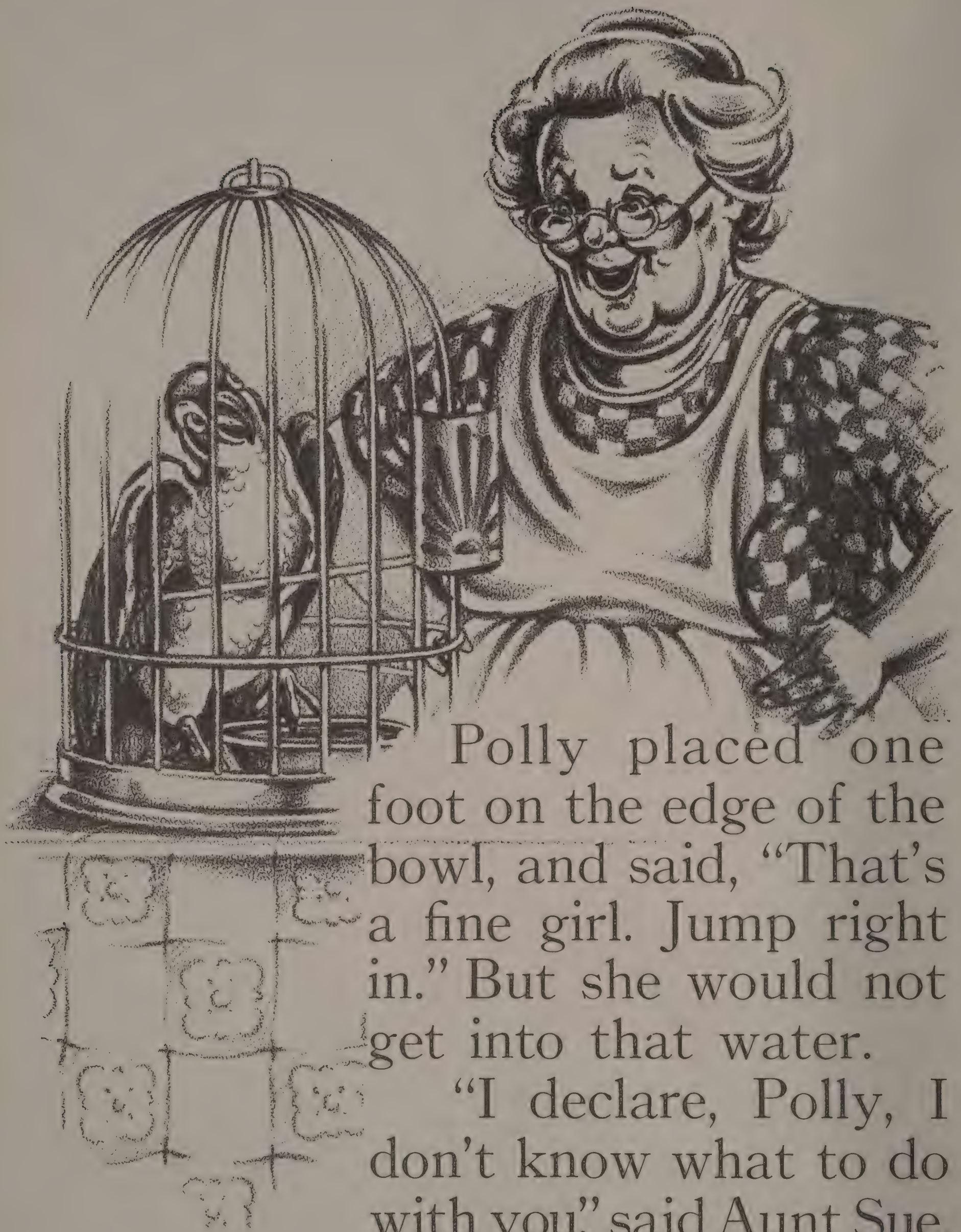
P.N. 27 N37

POLLY Parrot liked to do a great many things, but one thing that she did NOT like to do—was to take a bath.

Polly's mistress was a sweet old lady known to everyone as Aunt Sue.

One morning when Aunt Sue turned on the water for her own bath, Polly called, "Aunt Sue, Polly wants to take a bath. Get the water ready for Polly."

So Aunt Sue filled Polly's bath bowl and put it in the cage, saying, "Come on, Polly, Come on. Get in before the water's cold. That's a fine girl. Jump right in."



Polly placed one foot on the edge of the bowl, and said, "That's a fine girl. Jump right in." But she would not get into that water.

"I declare, Polly, I don't know what to do with you," said Aunt Sue.

Polly just answered, "Polly wants to take a bath. Get the water ready, Aunt Sue."

"All right, Polly," said Aunt Sue. "I'll see that you *do* get a bath. I'll buy a big brush and I'll give you a real bath."

Aunt Sue was in a hurry to see her dentist this morning. So she just left the breakfast dishes on the table.

She dressed quickly and left the house.

But she FORGOT-TO-CLOSE-THE-DOOR-OF Polly's cage!

After Aunt Sue had gone, Polly very carefully walked around the bath bowl.

She poked her head out of the cage door and looked around the room and said, "Now Polly is going to take a bath."

She flew down to the window seat and looked through the screened window.

The little dog next door was running by.

Polly looked at him and called softly, "Come Scottie. Come Scottie."

Scottie stopped and came up to the window to see who wanted him.

Then Polly flew at him and screamed, "Go home, Scottie. *You go right home!*"

Scottie was so frightened that he put his ears back and scooted for home as fast as he could scoot.

Then Polly jumped down to the floor and walked out to the kitchen. Up, she flew onto the table.

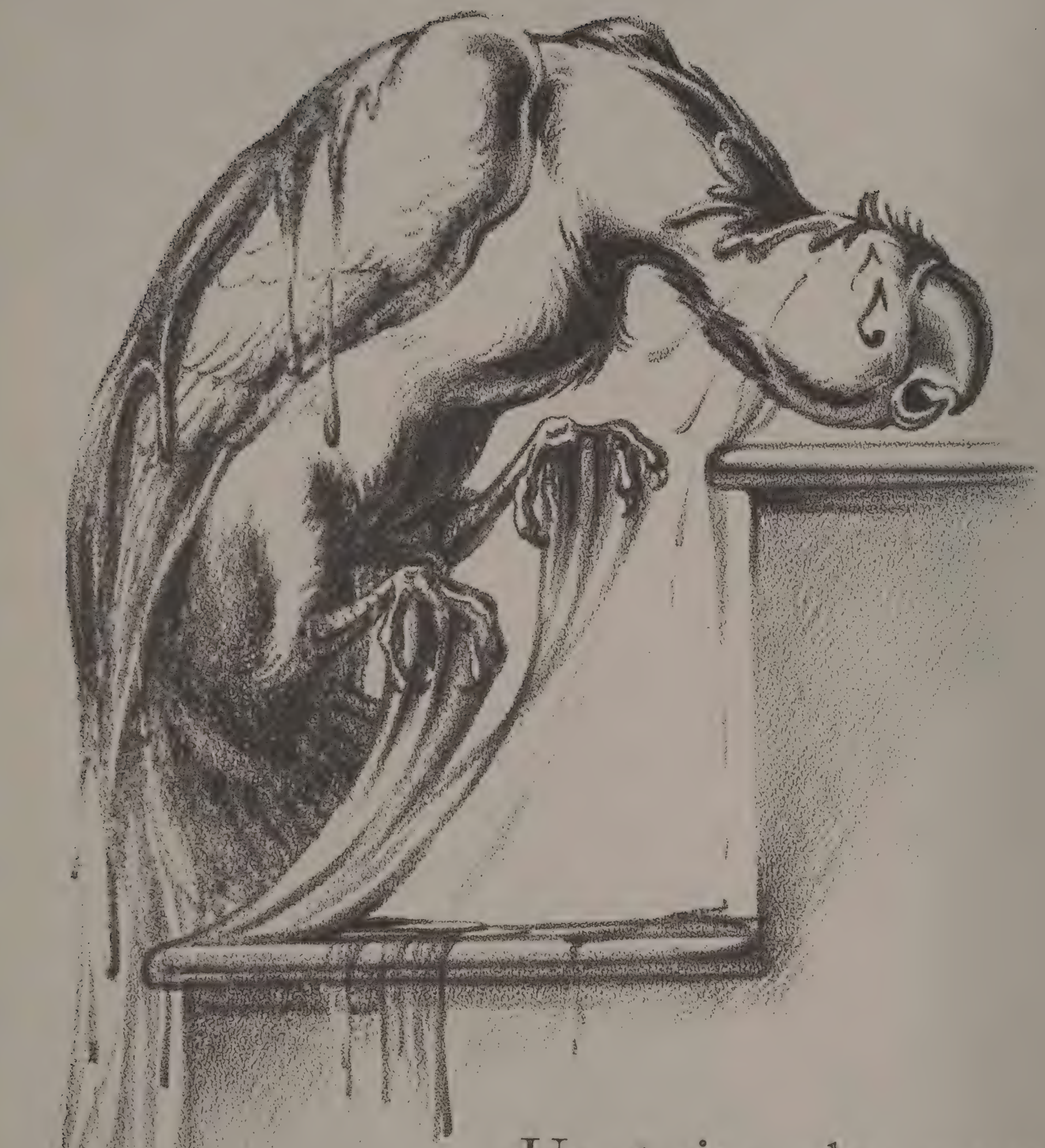
WHACK! She pushed over a dish of honey right on her feet.

One foot stepped
into the yellow butter.

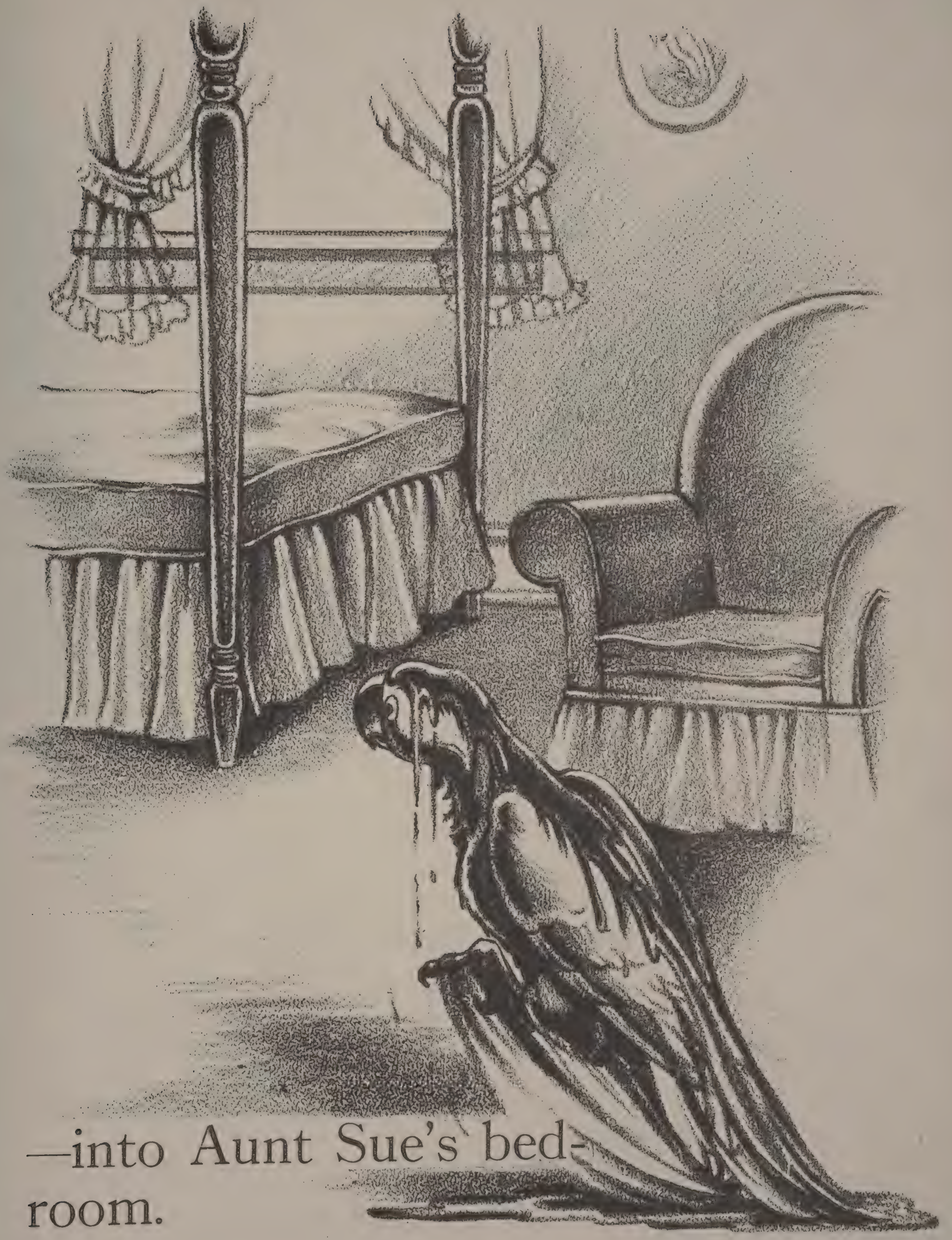
The other foot stepped into a big bowl of brown molasses, and—

—over she fell, the sticky molasses covering her from head to foot. "Oh, Polly!" she cried. "Poor Polly. Poor Polly!"

She jumped down to the floor and walked very slowly into the other room, lifting each foot 'WAY UP HIGH, trying to get away from the sticky molasses and honey.



Upstairs she went,
hopping from one step
to another—

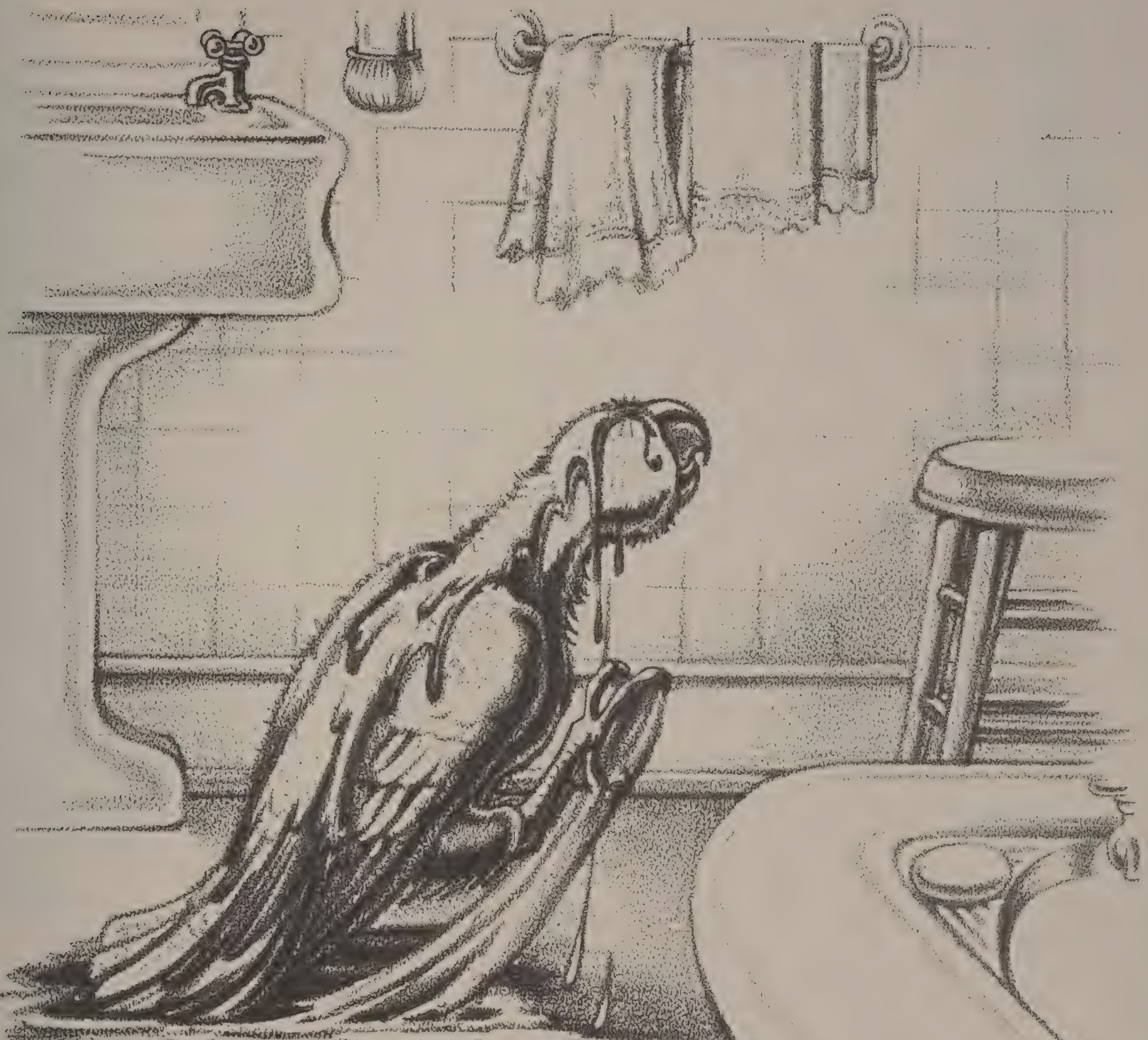


—into Aunt Sue's bed-
room.

She flew onto a chair and there, before her in the looking glass, she saw another parrot, just like herself.

"E-E-E-k-k!" she squawked, and *flew* at the other parrot and hit the looking glass.

DOWN came Polly on the edge of a powder box. UP, went the box, and DOWN came the powder, all over Polly.



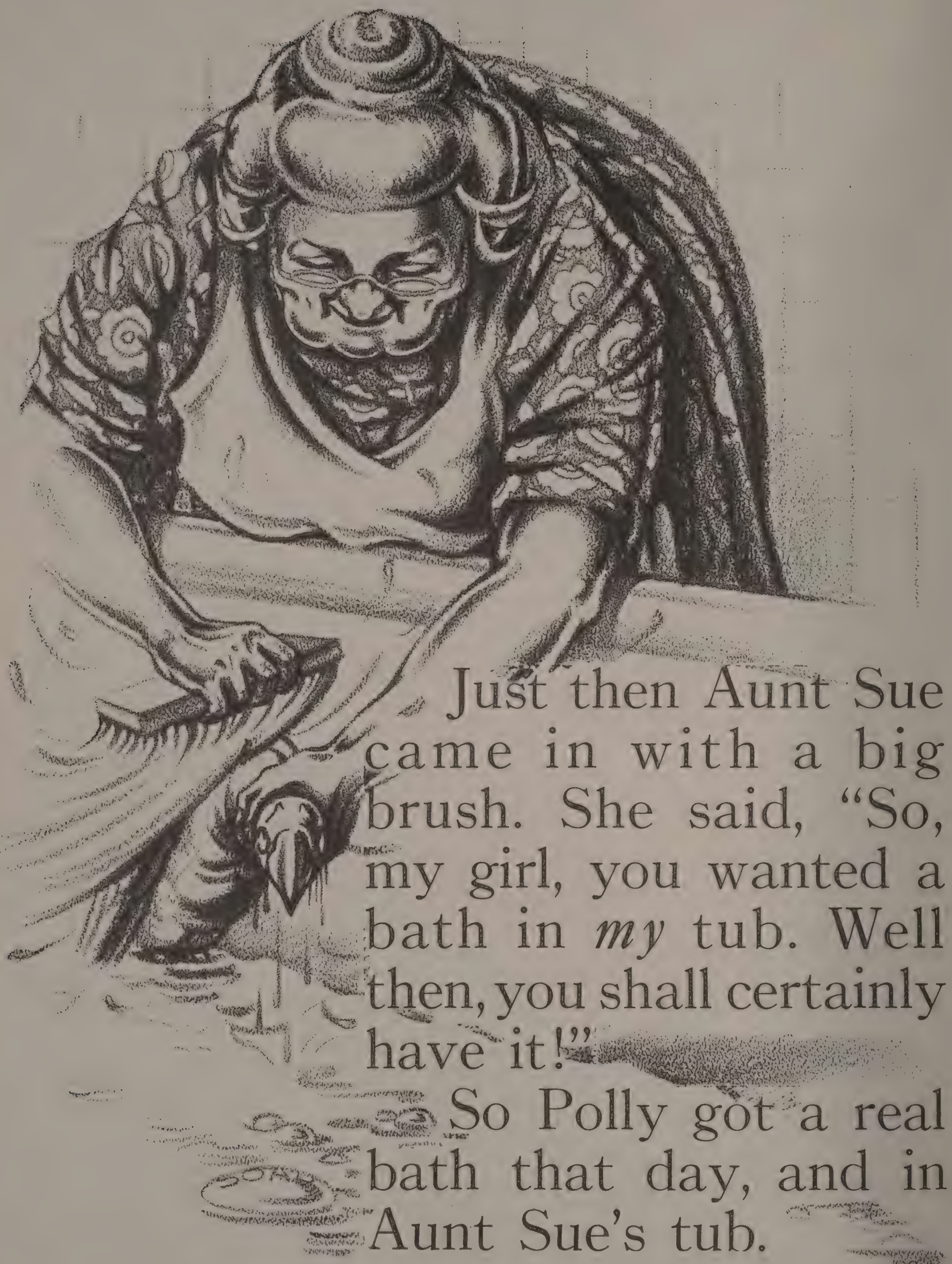
"Oh, oh, oh. Poor Polly," she cried.

Into the bathroom she walked, lifting each foot up high to get away from the molasses and honey and powder.

Up onto the edge of the bath tub she jumped, then WHIZ-Z-Z! Into the bath tub she slid on a cake of soap. She hit the faucet and somehow it turned on.

WHOO-WISH!! Came the water right into the tub on Polly.

"E-E-E-k-k!" she squawked, and tried ever so hard to get away from that horrid water, but she couldn't get out of the tub. It was too high and slippery. So she just said, "Well, now Polly is going to take a bath."



Just then Aunt Sue came in with a big brush. She said, "So, my girl, you wanted a bath in *my* tub. Well then, you shall certainly have it!"

So Polly got a real bath that day, and in Aunt Sue's tub.

The **END**

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00025595026